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Whistle

James Galvin

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Whistle · *James Galvin*

This morning I hoofed out. It was cold as two sticks.
There should be snow by now.
The ground has had enough. It's anvil-hard.
It won't be accepting any more death till spring.

Among patches of red earth abraded by wind
Weedstalks and grass stems and crystalline leaves
Wait to lower themselves back down.
I walked home without leaving tracks, like an angel.

Burnt-out, winterbare, this handbasket
Needs a covering of snow. There should be snow by now.
Earth revealed like this demands a dignity
That was never in us. White veil, black veil,

The bride's, the widow's countenance,
The faces of the dead-by-violent-causes,
It's bad to gaze upon them.
A lace of snow is needed here, permission

To forget.
The creek below the spring whistles under its breath,
Just making believe.